

What if this Marriage should prove true?

O R,

What if it should not?

I N A
DIALOGUE
B E T W E E N

Whig and Tory,

Wherein the Consequences of certain
ESPOUSALS are breifly dis-
cuss'd, and the Reasons, for and
against giving Credit to such a
Report, are succinctly consider'd.

*Fidite, forsan enim Graias, pugnabit ad Urbes
Dardanus, et versis lugebit Græcia Fatis. Virg.*
Courage— Affairs may take a better Turn,
And *Græco*, beleaguer'd by the *Trojans* mourn.

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(I)

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A
DIALOGUE

B E T W E E N

A Whig and a Tory, &c.

❁❁❁❁ HIG. Why so gay and Alert
❁❁❁❁ Neighbour of Mine? That Coun-
❁❁❁❁ W ❁❁❁❁ tenance of yours had another sort
❁❁❁❁ of an Air, some Time since,
❁❁❁❁ when your *Cause* was giving up
the Ghost, and all your imaginary *Hopes*
were at the Point of Death. Has the Fea-
ver of Despair abated of its Rage, from any
cooling Emulsions sent from your Friends
abroad to buoy you up once more, before
you are irrecoverably *Lost*? Or has any new
Fancy taken Place in your Brain, concerning
A Things

Things that will never happen, and Turns of Affairs that can never be brought to pass.

Tory. O this glorious Month of *March*, the Heavens smile at it, and the Sun gilds every Day of it with its Beams, as it did Sixteen Years ago, when our most Gracious Queen *Ann* mounted the Throne of her Ancestors!

Whig. You and I are of quite different Opinions, as to the Cause of the Serenity of the Weather at that Season of the Year; since I have Reason to believe, and have Justice on my Side for so doing, that the upper Regions of the Sky, kept a Jubilee for more than Twenty Days, at the Reception of that Pledge of its Favours to Mankind, (especially the Kingdoms of Great Britain, and Ireland) which they had left with us but too short a Time, in the Person of the Renown'd Defender of the Rights and Liberties of all *Europe*, the great and Immortal King *William*. But you have other Grounds for your Joy, and Alacrity; than the Remembrance of that Princesses Accession to the Throne, which you may be free to tell me, for though I am of Revolution Principle's, and heartily in the Interests of King *George*, I have more Honour than to divulge the Secrets of those that are not when intrusted to my Keeping.

Tory.

Tory. The *Post-boy* of *Tuesday* the 11th Instant, has so enliven'd me, that I am as free as Air, and can contain the Subject of my Satisfaction no longer. I have brought it in my Pocket, and these two Paragraphs will make you appriz'd of what you are so desirous to know. (*Reads.*) *Rome* Feb. 12. N. S. " It hath been given out here, that
 " a M A R R I A G E was negotiating between the Pretender and a Niece of the
 " Czar. ,, Again, *Rome* Feb. 19. N. S. " By
 " Order of the *Chevalier St. George*, a great
 " Number of *English* who were here, are return'd to *Urbino*, the said *Chevalier* having let them know, that he should be
 " going thence in the beginning of *March*,
 " to conclude his *Marriage* with a certain
 " Princess: And tho' the Pope invited him
 " to come and spend the *Carnival* here, he
 " excused himself by a Letter of Civility. ,,
 Your Thoughts on so agreeable a Matter of Discourse.

Whig. My Thoughts? It is scarce of Moment enough to desire them. Let that Phantasm of a Prince, that Shadow of imaginary Greatness, roam about wheresoever he pleases. Let him Hunt, Hawk, and Fish in those Climates that are most willing to receive him. Let him make Matrimonial Contracts with Virgin or Widow, there is
 no-

nothing to be fear'd from a Person in his Vagrant Condition, who lives as it were upon Alms, and has nothing to support him, and the Needy Followers of his Fortunes, but what Providence puts into the Hearts of Foreigners, to bestow upon him.

Tory. Suppose you should be mistaken in your Conjectures, and the Princess, he is said to be on the spur to *Consummate* his Marriage with, (for that's the direct Meaning of the Word *Conclud^d*) by Virtue of her own Wealth and Power, and her Alliance to as great a Prince as any in the Universe, should have it in her Capacity to take Measures of disturbing the Repose, which the greatest Part of *Europe* now enjoys.

Whig. I shall suppose no such Thing; though the Prince of *no Land*, were actually married to the Princess of *Courland*. But to be set right as to the Affair of the *Chevalier's* Packing up his Awls to be gone; and turn his Back on the Dominions of the Holy See; whereupon, (if he were such a *Saint* as your Party makes him,) he ought to *shake the Dust of his Feet*, though the Territories of one that styles himself Successor to St. *Peter* the Prince of the *Apostles*; read that Article in the *Flying-Post*, which is a Paper no ways to be called in Question for its Veracity,

city, and that, in *Berington's Evening-Post* of the same Date.

Tory. The first is written by a perfect Oracle of a News-Monger, and though I cannot accuse the last of much Partiality, I have known him very much out in his Choice of Paragraphs from Foreign Prints. However, 'tis but they should both be read, and my Eyes and Tongue are at your Service for that Purpose, (reads.)

Flying-Post, of Tuesday March 11.

Mylan, Feb. 26. They write from *Rome*, that the Pope has declared, that the *Chevalier St. George* should quit the Dominions of *Italy*; and according to the last Advices from *Urbino*, he was to set out forthwith.

Evening-Post, of Thursday 11. Ditto.

Hamburgh, March 11. There is a Talk of a Treaty of Marriage being on Foot, between the *Czarowitz* and his Cousin the Dutches of *Courland*: These are contradictory Relations, to what I brought, but as unlikely to be credited, as they are to bear any manner of Resemblance to Truth.

Whig. You *Tories* will believe nothing but what you wish for; had either of these Papers said, the Person whom you are so fond of, was coming with an Army of God knows how many thousand Men at his Back, and a Fleet of Ships of War with Millions of Gold,

Gold, and all Sorts of Warlike Provisions in their Bellies ; who but you to have caught greedily at the Baite , and to have made no Hesitation of swallowing down these Men, and all the Land, and Naval Stores at one Mouthful. But, your Reasons for this Want of Faith ?

Tory. In the first Place, what can be more inconsistent with Reason, or the least Shadow of Truth, than that the Roman Pontiff, should with one and the same Breath, (for they are both asserted in the same numerical Hotch-potch of Lies and Absurdities,) forbid him to reside in the Territories belonging to the Papal Territories, and invite him to take the Diversions of the *Carnival*. And in the next, he must be very ignorant of the Rites and Customs held and observed in the *Greek Church*, that does not know, that Persons so near in Blood as First Cousins , cannot be joined in Marriage together. Besides , it would highly derogate from the Pretensions which a Son and Heir apparent to such a vast Extent of Dominions as those of *Moscovy*, has to the Greatest Princess in the World, to be join'd in Wedlock to one, whose Dowry is so inconsiderable in Respect of his future Possessions, even though she should have the Revenues of the whole Dutchy of *Courland* settled

settled upon her, could not raise Her above the Hopes of some Princes of the Empire.

Whig. Say you so? Then we have nothing to be apprehensive of from that Part of the World. E'en let him take her in God's Name, I wish him much Joy, with all my Heart. Let him Hug her, Kiss her, Toy with her as he pleases, so that our present Settlement, and the Protestant Religion is in Safety, I shall be in no Pain about his Daliances.

Tory. I do not say, they will. But as I told you before, much Wealth of her own, and very Powerful Alliances with some of the Greatest Princes in *Europe*, may be of Use to better her Husband's Condition, tho' his Fortunes were never so desperate before. Not that I alledge, the Lady that is Talk'd of, for the *Chevalier's* Consort, is the Dutchess Dowager of *Courland*; since the Paper I pin my Faith upon, say's only a *certain Princess*, which by no Means gives us a Handle to fix the *Chevalier's* Choice upon her, *Nominatim*; and in another Article, only says, that 'tis *given out* to be a *Niece of the Czar*, which any one, that has the least Insight into the Policy and Fineness, made Use of in the Court of *Rome*, may as well judge, to be inserted by way of Artifice and Amusement, as by way of Intelligence.

Whig.

Whig. Prithce who is this Dutcheſs of Courland? She is not a *Papiſt* I hope.

Tory. I told you, ſhe was of the *Greek* Church before. She is Daughter to the *Czar's* deceas'd Brother, *John Alexovitz*, who during his Life was Partner in the Throne with his Maſteſty now reigning, upon whom the ſole Government of that vaſt Empire for want of Iſſue Male inſtantly deſcended. Her deceaſed Husband was in a direct Line deſcended from the Houſe of *Brandenburgh*, out of whoſe Illuſtrious Loins more immediately ſprung his Mother, who was famed for all Princely Virtues, eſpecially the Care of her Son during his Minority, who had not been married to this Lady not a Year, but was cut off from her Embraces at one of the Battles between the *Swedes* and the *Poles*.

Whig. So that now ſhe is a pretty Stale Widow. Thirty Years old at leaſt. Much Good may the *Chevalier* do with her, as I ſaid before. He will be as little overſtock'd with Children, as he will be preſented with Opportunities to recover what he pretends to be his Right.

Tory. I ſhall not enter upon ſo nice a Subject. Neither ſhall I preſume to take Things upon Hear ſay, tho' all the Papers of the Week, except the *Gazette* and *Daily Courant*,

rant, make no scruple of doing. But as it appears from Count *Gyllenburg's* Letters, and other undoubted Accounts from Abroad, that the Person, who is the Subject of our Discourse, as a *Bridegroom*, is in a strict Alliance with *Sweden*; and that the latter, has either struck up, or has a Peace upon the Anvil with the Czar of *Muscovy*: So it will not be unnatural to surmize, that these two Powers who have been so long at Enmity together, will change their *Hatred* into the most *Perfect Amity*, and from declared Foes, be most avowed Friends.

Whig. And what of all this? *Sweden* is so Impowerish'd, that there is nothing to be dreaded from thence; and the *Russians* Hands are so full, what with building Edifices, Cultivating Arts, calling Oppressors of the People, and Collectors of the Taxes to Account, and making Preparations against Inroads from the *Turks*, *Tartars*, and *Persians*, that he will have little Time to mind other Affairs, especially the broken Fortunes of a Person, who has been the sport of Chance from his very Cradle to this Day!

Tory. You mean the *Chevalier St. George*. I shall be very brief as to his Concerns, and quit them for a previous Cursory View of those of their *Czarish* and *Swedish* Majesty's. As to the First, the very Reasons you bring for

our Security on his Account, entirely turn against you, and the more he is intent upon the great Works you make him busied with, the more *Great-Britain* and all *Europe* ought to be jealous of him. Thanks to our selves, and our good Allies the *Dutch*. We are the Kind Intractors that have furnish'd him with the Means of being so formidable as he is already grown, and of acquiring such a Reputation in Arms and Arts, as may one Day, make him the Terror of the Universe. At his coming over to *Great-Britain*, (where he knew that Potent Kingdom could as yet, have no Jealousies of his Growth of Power, and in the Eye of which, his vast Extent of Empire lay neglected, unconsider'd, and overlook'd,) he was present at all our Exercises, look'd into all our Laws, inspected our Military, Civil and Ecclesiastical Government of Affairs, yet all this was the least he then wanted, this was the Slightest Part of his Errand. For when he grew Familiar with our People by Degrees, he visited our Docks, pretending not to have any Prospect of Profit, but only to take a huge Delight, (the Effect of his Curiosity only) to see our manner of building Ships: He kept his Court, as one may say, in Ship-yards, so industrious was he in affording them his continual *Czarish* Presence, and to his Immortal Glory for his

Ap-

(II)

plication, Art and Industry be it spoken, that the great *Czar* by stooping often to the Employ, could handle an Ax with the best Artificer of them all; and the Monarch having a good Mathematical Head of his own, grew in some Time a very expert Royal Ship-wright. The Marquiss of *Carmaerthen*, now Duke of *Leeds*, than whom none knew better how to instruct him in the Art of Navigation and modelling Vessels, was always by King *William's* especial Appointment at his Elbow; Mock Sea Engagements were enter'd into before him for his Improvement and Diversion; and even the best Yatch in the Kingdom, the swiftest Sailor, and the most commodiously equip'd, was given him with all her Furniture, for a Pattern to build a Fleet by.

Whig. Nay, Sir, if you are going to reflect on the Memory of the Glorious King *William*, I must tell you that I shall be forced to break all Measures with you.

Tory. You very much mistake my Intent, I shall always be tender of the Reputation of deceas'd Princes, especially one, to whom the Protestant Religion and Succession owes its Preservation. But it's the Part of an Historian to speak Matters of Fact. A Ship or Two, for his Diversion, made and sent him, and then Two or Three more, and
after

after that the same Number again, would signify just nothing at all, if they were granted to be sold to him by the Maritime Powers, that could at Will, Lord it over the Sea, and baffle his vast Undertakings. This was a puny inconsiderable Matter, and not worth the regarding.

Whig. Neither was it, in comparison of the Strength of those Potentates, whom you are so very free with, and who can blow him and his whole Navy out of the Sea when they think fit.

Tory. I use no other Freedom than Decency allows, therefore give me Leave to proceed ---- Well, but then over and above this, he had artificially insinuated himself into the good Will of many of our best Workmen, and won their Hearts by his Good-natur'd Familiarities and Condescensions among them. To turn this to his Service, he offer'd many large Premiums and Advantages to go and settle in his Country; which many gladly accepted of. A little after he sends over some private Ministers and Officers to negotiate for more Workmen, for Land Officers, and likewise for picked and chosen good Seamen, who might be advanced and promoted to Offices by going thither. Nay even to this Day, any Expert Mariner, that is upon our Traffick to the
Port

Port of *Arch-Angel*, if he has the least Spark of Ambition, and any ardent Desire to be in Commission, need but offer himself to the Sea Service of the *Czar*, and he is a Lieutenant immediately. Over and above this, that Prince has even found the Way to take by Force into his Service, out of our Merchant Ships, as many of their ablest Seamen as he pleas'd, giving the Masters the same Numbers of raw *Muscovites* in their Place, whom they afterwards were forced in their own Defence, to make fit for their own Use. Neither is this all, he has during the last War, many Hundreds of his Subjects, both noble Men and common Sailors, on Board ours, the *French* and the *Dutch* Fleets; and he has all along maintain'd and still maintains Numbers of them in ours and the *Dutch* Yards, and wheresoever any thing relating to Navigation and Trade is taught.

Whig. This is Stupendious indeed, but I will not interrupt you.

Tory. But seeing he look'd upon all these Endeavours towards improving himself and his Subjects as Superfluous, whilst a Sea-Port was wanting, wherein he might build a Fleet of his own, and from whence he might himself export the Products of his Country, as Furs, Russia-Leather, &c. And import those of others. And finding the
King

King of *Sweden* possess'd of the most convenient ones, I mean *Narva* and *Revel*, which he knew that Prince never could, nor would amicably part with, he resolved to wrest them out of his Hands by Force. His *Swedish* Majesty's tender Youth gave a fit Opportunity for that Enterprize: But even then he would not run the Hazard of War alone, he drew in other Princes to divide the Spoil with him. And, with all Respect due to Princes be it said, the Kings of *Denmark*, and *Poland* were weak enough to serve as Instruments, to forward the great and ambitious Views of the *Czar*. 'Tis True, after the *Dane* had been compell'd to accept of what Terms his *Swedish* Majesty thought fit, he met with a mighty hard Rub at his very first setting out, his whole Army being entirely defeated by a Handful of *Svedes* at *Narva*.

Whig. I remember it well, and what the Great King *William*, who was a good Judge that of Men, was pleas'd to say upon Occasion, when speaking of that Memorable Battel, he drank his *Swedish* Majesty's Health, and called him the growing *Hopes of Europe*.

Tory. Since you make mention of that Prince, and his Way of Expressing himself in Regard to a Monarch that so highly deserv'd it, give me Leave to repeat an Epigram that
for

Tory. You little imagine that while you for Elegancy of Stile and Beauty of Thought, tho' written by a Modern Hand comes up to most of the Compositions of that Nature set forth by the Ancients. It runs thus.

*Herculis invadunt Colubri cunabula Sueci
Sibilat hinc Danus, Moscus & inde tumet,
Versicolor Linguam jaculatur Saxo trifulcum.
Sed Puer intrepidâ compremittit ora manu.
Nate Jovis tantum Carolo concede, duorum
Tu tantum caneris Victor, at ille trium.*

Whig. How little soever I approve of the Subject, which is an Encomium upon a Prince, who seems by his Preparations in *Schonen*, to be in Confederacy with the Enemies of our present Settlement, I am obliged to confess the Goodness of the Verse, which I would willingly have turn'd into English, for the Benefit of such as may not understand the Language they were written in.

Tory. That's a Task I am not much acquainted with, and that seems very difficult from the First Line, which few or none can fully express in the same Compass. However I'll attempt it with some Allowances of Paraphrase, after this Manner.

Snakes,

Snakes, vers'd in Fraud and Cruelty, invade
 Sweden's *ALCIDES* in his Cradle laid.
 Hence, hiss's forth the Dane with Slimy Breast,
 Thence, swells the Russian with uplifted Crest.
 T' insure their Triumphs o'er a Child so young,
 The Turn-Coat *SAXON* dart's his thee-fork'd
 Tongue.

But the stern Boy, their Force conjoin'd with-
 stands,
 And squeezes them to Death with dauntless
 Hands.

Joves Son, give Charles the Laurel that's his
 Due,
 He has Three Serpents Conquer'd, Thou but
 Two.

Whig. Very well, this Whipster of a War-
 rior, pay'd dearly for this and other Victo-
 ries afterwards; For though he forced the
Dane to a Peace, and after many Battles and
 Ravages in *Poland* and *Saxony*, dethron'd
 King *Augustus*; that Misguided Prince, after
 the terrible Execution of General *Patkui*,
 (from whence his Affairs began) ---- *retro'*
sublapsa Referri --- to be at a still lower and
 lower Ebb, instead of marching the shortest
 Way to *Novograde*, and so to *Moscow*, turn'd
 towards the *Ukrai*n, where his whole Army,
 after great Losses and Sufferings was at last
 intirely defeated at *Pultowa*.

Tory

Tory. You little imagine that while you are hugging yourself with a Review of the King of *Sweden's* Misfortunes ; you are aggrandizing the Czar, and making him the more to be fear'd and dreaded, for his War-like Successes. For as that Battle put a fatal Period to the *Swedish* Triumphs, so how great a Deliverance it was to the *Muscovites*, may be gather'd from the Czar's celebrating every Year, with great Solemnity the Anniversary of that Duty, from which his Ambitious Thoughts began to soar still higher. He had long before this, retaken *Narva*, and laid a Foundation to his Favourite Town *Petersburgh*, and to the Sea Port, the Docks, and the vast Magazines there ; all which Works, to what Perfection they now are brought, let them tell, who with surprise have seen them. His Business was now, to make the best use of his Enemy's Retreat into *Turkey*, and after getting Possession of *Riga*, and other *Swedish* Fortresses, to secure to himself the whole *Livonia*, *Estland*, and the greatest Part of *Finland* ; which he has actually done, and all which, if our Intelligence from the North holds right, he very generously offers to restore in the Negotiations of Peace, now on Foot at *Abo* or *Aland*, (with some few Exceptions, as to the Towns of *Revel* and *Petersburgh*, whereupon he has

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expended

expended such prodigious Sums) to his *Swedish Majesty*.

Whig. But the Kings of *Denmark's* and *Prussia's* Hands are yet so strengthen'd by being Masters of *Pomerania*; and consigning the Dutchies of *Bremen* and *Vherden* into those of his Present Majesty King *George*, that no Enterprize is to be fear'd on the Side of *Germany*, after what manner soever those Princes, the Czar and his *Swedish Majesty*, now said to be concerting a perpetual Peace and Friendship with each other shall think fit to act.

Tory. That's more than those Eyes, and that Partiality of yours will at present let you foresee. For, if an Offensive and Defensive League should be struck up between them, (as the Partizans of my Kidney give it out to be already transacted) The First of those Warlike Potentates would have an Opportunity, through the Vicinity of his Troops, that still continue on the Frontiers of *Mecklenburgh*, to give fresh Disturbances to the Empire, under the Pretext of an Alliance with the Duke of that Name, and so by way of Diversion, to give an Opportunity to the *Swede*, to Land his Army for the Recovery of his lost Realms in *Pomerania*.

Whig. All this is the Effect of meer Phrensy. You Tories have such idle Conceptions, and build your Hopes upon such impracticable Schemes,

Schemes, as never enter'd into any Man's Noddle before. The Result of all the Engagements at Sea in this long and expensive War between the Northern Powers has shewn, that the *Danes* even singly have been more than a Match for *Sweden*, and have beaten their Ships wheresoever they met with. And how much more will the Superiority be on their Side, when joyn'd with a Squadron from *England*, that has twice coop'd them up in their very Harbours.

Tory. You are but weak in the Art of Policy I find, that very Cooping them up, as you call it, has strengthen'd their Hands. And they have profited as much by their Privateers at Sea, as their Enemies have lost by being at the Expence of having their Fleets out. But to return to the *Muscovite*, who is the more immediate Subject of our Discourse, see the farther Steps which the Czar has rais'd him to the prodigious Height of Grandeur and Power, which he is now possess'd of; he has made no other use of persuading his Allies into a War with *Sweden*, than to lay all the Burthen and Hazard of the War upon them; in order to weaken them entirely together with their common Enemy, whilst he was preparing himself to swallow the one after the other. Their Armies have been considerably lessen'd by Bat-

tles, and long Sieges; whilst his own were
 either employ'd in easier Conquests, and
 more profitable to him, or kept at the vast
 Expence of Neutral Princes, near enough at
 hand to come, and demand a Share of the
 Booty, without having struck a Blow in
 the getting it. His Behaviour has been as
 cunning at Sea, where his Fleet has always
 kept out of Harms way, and at a great di-
 stance, whenever there was any likelihood
 of an Engagement between the *Danes* and
 the *Swedes*. He hoped, that when these two
 Nations had ruin'd each others Fleets, he
 might then ride Master in the *Baltick*. All
 this while he has taking Care to make his
 Men improve by the Example of Foreigners,
 and under their Command in the Art of
 War. He has already as good a Body of
 Foot as any Prince in Christendom; and for
 his Horse, he has taken Care to have them
 well mounted, at the Expence of those Coun-
 tries they have pass'd through; so that he
 will soon have no more need of any Affi-
 stance at Land. And at Sea, tho' his Fleets
 may perhaps require some Years more to
 be brought to an entire Perfection; yet con-
 sidering, they will soon out-number the *Swe-
 dish* and the *Danish* ones, joyn'd together,
 he need not fear their being a Hindrance to
 his

his giving a finishing Stroke to this great and glorious Undertaking.

Whig. You have almost made me your Convert. I dread to think of the Power of this Prince, the Wings of whose Ambition ought to be clip'd before he soars too high, and gets out of our Reach.

Tory. We then may perhaps, though too late, call to Mind what our own Ministers and Merchants have told us, of his Designs of carrying on alone all the Northern Trade, and of getting all that from *Turkey* and *Persia* into his Hands through the Rivers, which he is joyning and making navigable; from the *Caspian* or the *Black Sea* to *HIS Petersburg*; of the great Manufactures of Cloth and Arms he has erected, whereby his whole Army that consists of near 250000 Men, as well as of his Iron, Glass-work, &c. which are already brought to so great a Perfection, as to vie with ours, tho' we are, or pretend to be, ignorant of their Beginning.

Whig. These are amazing Indications of a Power, that is grown to such a Head, as to be almost impostsomated with Greatness --- but you are at liberty to proceed.

Tory. The forgoing Passages, together with his treating of a separate Peace with the King of *Sweden*, is a new Instance of his Cunning and Policy. He has here two
Strings

Strings to his Bow, of which one must serve his Turn. There is no doubt but the *Czar* knows, that an Accomodation between him and his *Swedish* Majesty, must be very difficult to be brought about. For as he on one side will be very loath to consent to part with those Sea-Ports, for the getting of which he began this War, and are absolutely necessary towards the carrying on his great and vast Designs: So the King of *Sweden* will look upon it as directly contrary to his Interest, to yeld up these same Sea-Ports, if possibly he can hinder it. But then again, the *Czar* is so well acquainted with the great and Heroick Spirit of his *Swedish* Majesty, that he does not question his yelding, rather in point of Interest, than nicety of Honour. From hence it is, he rightly judges, that his *Swedish* Majesty must be less exasperated against him, who tho' he began an unjust War, has very often pay'd dearly for it, and carryed it on all along through various Successes, than against some Confederates, that taking an Opportunity of his *Swedish* Majesty's Misfortunes, fell upon him in a most ungenerous Manner, and made a Partition-Treaty of his Provinces. The *Czar*, still more to accommodate himself to the Genius of his great Enemy, unlike his Confederates, who upon all Occasions spar'd no Reflections,

and

and even very unbecoming ones (bullying Memorials and hectoring *Manifesto's*) spoke all along with the utmost civility of his *Brother Charles*, as he calls him, maintain him to be the *greatest General in Europe*, and even publicly avers, he will trust more to a Word from him, than the greatest Assurances, Oaths, nay, even Treaties with his Confederates. These kinds of Civilities will, no doubt, make a deeper Impression on the noble Mind of the King of *Sweden*, and he be perswaded rather to make a Sacrifice of a real Interest to a generous Enemy, than to gratify in things of less Moment, those, by whom he has been ill, and even inhumanly treated.

Whig. But if this should not succeed?

Tory. Why then the Czar is still a Gainer, by having made his Confederates uneasy: For both the *Pole* and the *Dane* have formally protested against the Negotiations now on Foot at *Abo* or *Aland*, at these separate Conferences, and the more solicitous to keep him steady to their Confederacy, which must cost them very large Proffers and Promises. In the mean time, he leaves the *Dane* and the *Swede* securely bound up together in War, and weakening one another as fast as they can; and he turns towards the Empire, and views the Protestant Princes there; and under many specious Pretences, not only
Marches,

Marches, and Countermarches; in the Neighbourhood of their several Territories, his Troops that came back from *Denmark*, and the intended Descent upon *Schonen*, but causes those also to advance slowly towards *Germany*, those whom he has kept a long while in *Poland*, under pretence of helping the King against his Disaffected Subjects, whose Commotions he all the while was the greatest Fomentor of. He considers that the Emperor is in War with the *Turks*, and the King of *Spain*, and therefore has found by too successful Experience, how little his Imperial Majesty is able to shew his Authority in protecting the Members of the Empire. His Troops still remain on the *Frontiers* of *Meckelenburgh*, the Duke whereof is supplied with Money and Men by him, notwithstanding their Removal much farther off, is highly insisted upon. His Replies to all the Demands on that Subject, are filled with such Reasons, as if he would give new Laws to the Empire. Now let us suppose that the King of *Sweden* should (as there are just Grounds for so doing) think it more Honourable to make a Peace with the *Czar*, and to carry the Force of his Resentment against his less generous Enemies; what a stand will then, the Princes of the Empire, even those that unadvisedly drew in Forty Thousand *Muscovites*,

covites, to secure the Tranquillity of that Empire, against Ten or Twelve Thousand *Swedes*; I say, what stand will they be able to make against him, while the Emperor is already engaged in a War with the *Turk* and *Spainard*? And the *Poles*, when they are once in Peace among themselves (if after the Miseries of so long a War, they are in a Condition to undertake any thing) are by Treaty obliged to join their Aids against the common Enemy of Christianity?

Whig. But he has no Pretence either to make a Peace with the *Swede*, separate from the *Dane* and *Pole*, or to make War upon other Princes, some of whom he is bound in Alliance with.

Tory. You remember little of what has been alledged before, if you think this Objection not already answer'd, and must have consider'd the *Czar*, neither as to his *Nature*, nor his *Ends*. It is beyond Contradiction, that he made War against *Sweden*, without any specious Pretence, and he that made War without any specious Pretence, may make a Peace without any specious Pretence, and make a new War without any specious Pretences for it too. The very Genius of the *Czar*, will not let him lie Idle and Unactive, and who knows where the Storm may fall next, should his Enmity with the *Swedish* Nation be turn'd

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into

into a good Understanding, and the Marriage said now to be on Foot between the *Chevalier* and his Niece, be solemnized and Consummated.

Whig. I wish my Head may never ache till then. The *Czar* is too discreet to break with a Nation, that carries on a Traffick so beneficial to his Subjects as that of our Trade to *Russia*; and of too penetrating a Forecast, not to see that from such an Alliance, we should soon grow jealous of his Designs, and be upon our Guard to prevent the Consequences of it. He knows that our Interest and that of the *Dutch* are inseparable, that both these two maritime Powers will unite for each others Defence, and that Measures are already concerted between them to send such a Fleet to the *Baltick*, which join'd with the Sea Armament in *Denmark*, will not only be more than sufficient to keep his and the King of *Sweden's* Shipping at Bay, but to insult them in their very Harbours, and lay even his Favourite Towns of *Petersburgh* and *Revel* in Ashes, should he act such an impolitick Part as to break with us, which he must do, by such an Alliance.

Tory. Just as we did *Gottenburgh* and *Carelskron* last Summer --- But grant my Suggestions not to be true; Tho' by the Countenance of the *Czar*, who must turn
his

his Arms somewhere, after he has made a Peace with *Sweden*; and who seems by his sending an Ambassador to the Grand Seignor, to have no Intentions of breaking with *Turky*, but of employing his Forces elsewhere, they should not be altogether groundless, I say, tho' these Espousals of the *Chevalier* with the Princess of *Courland* should be a mere Fable, yet even the Disaffected are not without Hopes, that it is a Blind to cover the Discovery of a certain *Truth* that shall be nameless, now in agitation in a certain Country, Southward of ours.

Whig. What more Illusions still? Certainly never was Party so infatuated, and led into Whimsies and imaginary Negotiations as yours is. Go, get you home, Shave and be Blooded --- 'twill cool your Brain, and let out those hot Particles that inflame your Understanding, and put the whole Frame of Nature into a Ferment. I warrant, you give Credit to a Report rais'd by us, (to lull you asleep into Security and Indolence) of that *Wanderers* pretended Addresses to a Lady nearer to this corner of the World than the Confines of *Muscovy* or *Poland*.

Tory. Alas! alas! *We raise it say you.* We have it from the foreign Prints, that he has left *Urbino*, that he is to take his Rout
D 2 through

through *Switzerland*, and that rich Liveries are providing for his Servants in *Paris*.

Whig. That may be, and yet the Story may have its Rise from hence, as many others that have been palm'd upon the World have. There is one *Bowyer* a News-monger of our Clan, that Trafficks with the *Dutch* in such sort of Paragraphs, in order to sound Peoples Dispositions, and to import Discoveries from abroad after they have been brewed here, as may be seen by the Lord's *Protests* against passing the *Mutiny-Bill*, by way of Translation from the *French*, Printed at *Amsterdam*, and *Leiden*.

Tory. No matter for that. There is not one in Ten among us, but believes that he is now actually in *France*, under the name of a certain Count, and that he has been at all the Balls and Entertainments which were, pretended to be made for the Duke and Dutchess of *Lorain*, but were really a design for his own and young Spouses.

Whig. I shall burst with Laughter if you go on with these foolish Relations. What young Spouse can he have in *France*, or how can he find so much as any Shelter in that Kingdom from a Prince who, by Virtue of the Tripple Alliance between us, him and *Holland*, is obliged to give him no manner of Reception, not so much as for one Night.

Tory.

Tory. Then you have heard nothing of the young Lady, who at the *Chevalier's* going to *Scotland*, retired into a Convent to pray for his Success, and could not be prevailed upon to stir out from thence, till she found he was safely returned into *France*.

Whig. Not I truly --- You may rest contented on that Head, that if you mean the Regent's Daughter, she has another guess'd Match design'd for her than that of a Person who has no other Dominions than what he lays Claim to by Virtue of a Title, which he takes upon himself, without the consent of the Right Owner. The Count of *Charolois*, the Duke of *Bourbon's* Brother is the Man for her Choice, and the rich Liverys that are vainly supposed by you to be making for your Idol of a Pretender, are preparing for him, who at his Return from *Venice*. is to be Married to her Highness.

Tory. Think so as long as you please, I shall keep to my own Sentiments.

Whig. You are welcome to them. As for my Part I don't envy you the Possession of such vain Conceptions. Tho' I pity you in your Delusions, and would recover you from them if it were possible.

Tory. I shall not thank you for that Office. You have the Enjoyment of all Places, and Preferments; give us Leave at least to have the

the Satisfaction of buoying up our sinking Spirits, with Appearances of things that are agreeable to our Expectations and Hopes.

Whig. Do what you please as to that Matter. But I can assure you, that notwithstanding all the Armaments on the Part of *Sweden* and *Spain*, which the Gentlemen of your Kidney, vainly flatter themselves are made in their Behalf, notwithstanding all the coldness with which it is reported among you without any manner of Foundation, the *British* Ministers are said to be receiv'd at *Paris* and *Madrid*; notwithstanding the imaginary Demands made on the Part of *France*, by the *Abbot du Bois* their Envoy at our Court, there cannot be a more perfect Harmony between two Princes, than there is between his Sacred Majesty King *George*, and his Royal Highness the Regent; which is cemented into such an inviolate Friendship by the Ties of Treaties, and of Blood, (the Duchess Dowager of *Orleans*, being descended from the same Family as his Majesty) as must be indissoluble, during Hers, her Sons, or our King's most pretious Lives. As for the King of *Spain*, he may build what Castles in the Air he pleases, and imagine himself to Lord it over the *Mediterranean*, but he will soon shrink in his Horns if he makes an Infraction of the Treaty of
Neutrality

Neutrality in *Italy*, whereof we are Guarantees, at the Approach of our Fleet which is now fitting out with the utmost Expedition.

Tory. I must needs acknowledge, that our Naval Preparations, if in as great Forwardness as his Catholick Majesty's, might in all likelihood prevent that vigilant Monarch's Designs; but it seems, by all Advices from abroad, so far to have gotten the Start of us, as to be in a manner capable of bringing a Revolution about in *Italy*, before we can get up for the Protection of those Coasts.

Whig. Do but observe how a whole Campaign was spun out the last Year, and finish'd only with the Reduction of a small insignificant and defenceless Island, and you will soon be of my Opinion, that the Fortifications of the Forts and Castles about *Naples*, and the additional Strength that has for these six last Months been in Augmentation, for *Port Hercole*, *Piombino*, and other considerable Fastnesses in the Possession of the *Germans*, they will hold them in Play long enough for the *English* to come and raise the Siege of either of these Places.

Tory. I am neither of Opinion, that the Conquest of the whole Kingdom of *Sardinia*,

dinia, is so trifling a thing as you make it, nor the Reduction of *Naples*, and the other Forts on the Sea-coasts so difficult, considering that it is next to a Certainty from the Countenance, which at this present Juncture, the Great Duke of *Tuscany* puts on, in Conjunction with other *Italian* Princes, that he, nor they, will make no Scruple of letting the *Spanish* Forces land, and march thro' their respective Territories ; which must facilitate the Revolution above mention'd, since they will be thereby beleaguer'd on all sides, and the Disaffected among the *Neapolitans* will be at Liberty to execute their long-concerted Projects.

Whig. You speak only as you would have it. This Duke you talk of, carries on too great a Trade with the *English*, and is too liable to the Emperor's Resentment, when his Forces shall be landed from the *German* Ports in the *Adriatick* Gulph, to dare to make so bold a Step as you talk of ; since our Minister that resides at the Court of that Prince has given him to understand, that his Master the King of *Great Britain* has it in his Intention to send a powerful Fleet into those Seas to preserve the Peace of *Italy* ; and shall take him for an Infringer of the said Peace, should he suffer the *Spaniards*, who are Violators of it, to reembark their
Troops

Troops on, and take their Rout through his Royal Highnesses Dominions.

Tory. I shall not contradict you, as to the Truth of such a Remonstrance, since all our Publick Papers have told us as much. But this I must observe to you from the Papers; that from that Duke's Declaration in Favour of the Second Prince of *Spain*, and from his Armaments by Sea and Land, which are very great as to the former, (all the *Men of War* and *Gallies* of *Tuscany* being upon the *Careen* or ready to sail,) it is more than probable that they are not fitting or fitted out, to join in the Preservation of the Neutrality of *Italy*, but rather to disturb the Peace of it.

Whig. Alas, alas! What can this Prince do? Or of what Force are six Puny Vessels called *Men of War*, and as many insignificant *Gilded Barges*, called *Gallies*. Let him join the *Spaniards* when he will, in this unlawful Undertaking, two of our Third Rates will make Prize of his whole Navy-Royal, as once Two *French* Privateers did, in a late Reign, that of all *Scotland*.

Tory. You are very merry methinks. But I have another Piece of News to tell you from our publick Prints. The Czar of *Muscovy* whom we have been so long treating of, has promis'd to send an Ambassador

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to *Spain* with a Squadron of stout Ships to join his Catholick Majesty's Fleet, and to forward the Execution of his Projects.

Whig. Hah! Hah! Hah! What another wild Scheme is here on Broach? You Jacobites are the most unaccountable Creatures now breathing. Prithee which way must these Ships come into the *Mediterranean*? Must they take Wing and fly over such vast Tracts of Land as are between *Muscovy* and *Spain*, or must they sail thro' the *Baltick* into the *British* Ocean, and so bend their Course into the *Streights Mouth*, a Voyage scarce fit to be attempted, and not to be effected without the extremest Hazard and Difficulty?

Tory. Which Way, say you, must these Ships come? Why, from the *Black Sea* to *Constantinople*, and from thence through the *Streights* between the *Dardanelles*, into the *Levant* and *Mediterranean*.

Whig. Most notably projected! But whose Leave must be first obtain'd?

Tory. No doubt, but the Grand Seignior, whom all the News-writers of your Party make to act in Concert with his Catholick Majesty, and who now holds a perfect Friendship with the Czar, will in Consideration of giving the Emperor of *Germany* a Diversion elsewhere, grant him a Passage at his Request.

Whig.

Whig. He would as soon give him the better Part of his vast Empire. For if only the Arrival of one small Man of War with an Embassador from his Czarish Majesty through the *Black Sea*, and its casting Anchor before the Seraglio, had like to have caus'd an Insurrection in *Constantinople* some Years since ; how much more would the giddy Pop'ace there, who is apt to lay hold on all Opportunities for raising of fresh Comotions, be irritated against the Government, should the sublime Port give a free Ingress into their Seas to a whole Squadron?

Tory. Then, you believe, that there is nothing in such a Report, even though the very Name of the Admiral that is to command it, *Mr. Kippen* is inserted in our common News-Papers?

Whig. I see none but the *Post-boy* that has any such Advice, and he, where he does not find an Article to his Purpose, knows how to make one. Altho' even he, who gives Credit to every thing that appears in Favour of his sinking Cause, blunts the Edge of his Relation, by saying in the same Paragraph, and in the self same Breath, that it is reported, that the said *Mr. Kippen* is sent up bound in Chains to *Moscow*, on Account of his being one of the Evil Counsellors who

advised the Czarowitz to be disobedient to his Father and to seek Refuge in Foreign Countries.

Tory. You are as much an Infidel I warrant you, as to the Sailing of Nine Men of War, First, Second and Third Rates, and two Frigats towards *Vigo*, there to join Fifteen or Sixteen Line of Battle Ships more, and from thence go in Company together into the Main Ocean upon a certain secret Expedition ?

Whig. No doubt of it; but if you construe this in Favour of your Pretender, let them come upon that Errand when they please, and get back again when they can, we shall have Five and Twenty good Ships of War to defend our Coasts, while Sixty *French* and *English* more, will be sufficient to make them incapable of defending theirs, with a few crazy Ships more fit to be broke up, than to keep the Seas, even tho' the *Sicilian* should join them with all his Naval Armament.

Tory. Tho' he should ? 'Tis his Interest so to do.

Whig. Not in the least. His Interest lies in observing an exact Neutrality, and keeping fair with all the Powers like to be concerned in the War : Nor will he in all Probability stir an Inch in Favour of the one or the other,

other, unless he can assure himself of a good Account by it.

Tory. The King of *Spain* can reward him as well as the Emperor, and in Exchange for *Sicily*, give him the Duchy of *Milan*, with other large Tracts of Land in *Italy*, and make him King of *Lombardy*.

Whig. What must *England* be doing all this while? Must our jolly brave *Tars* in the *Mediterranean* be holding their Hands in their Pockets? Prithee get rid of these idle *Chimæra's*, and disembarraß your self of the Prejudices wherewith you are intangled; since it is high time to recover your Understanding, and to be re-instated into your right Senses. For let your Favourite Idol, the Pretender, go to *Madrid* or *Mittan*, or whithersoever he pleases; let him wander from Court to Court in Quest of Aid and Assistance: Let him be married or unmarried; let the *Muscovite*, *Swede*, or *Spaniard*, feed him up with what Fancies soever are best suiting to his Humour: Take this from me as a most undeniable Truth, that all the Fleets of those three Princes join'd together, will not be able to cope with the Naval Armaments his present Majesty King *George* can at any time provide, for the Security of these Nations, and his own just Rights and Titles.

Tory.

Tory. Nay then adieu to all Hopes of the *Chevalier's* coming hither. Tho' it is some Comfort to me, he will have some Allay to his Misfortunes, in having one of the most beautiful Princesses in the World to lay by his Side, and with Her the Possession of a whole Duchy, the Revenues of which are, by the last News from abroad, solely and wholly consign'd to the Management and Disposal of the Lady, who, Fame tells us, is to be his Comfort.

Whig. I shall never envy him any Enjoyments whatsoever, while he keeps at such a Distance as there is between *Mittan* and *London*. Speed him well say I in *Courland*. Let him hunt Bear or Wolf, carouse and feast, be present *there* at Tilts and Tournaments, and act the Part of a *Sovereign*, in his little Extent of Dominions; not a Whig among us here in *Great Britain* will have any Sorrow at Heart for his, or his Followers Diversions, as long as they keep near a Thousand Miles from Us, and talk over their Cups, of *Rights of Inheritance*, which the *One* gives himself a Title to and the *others* have forfeited, in a Country so remote from us, as that of *Courland*.

F I N I S.

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A

L E T T E R

T O

WILLIAM WATSON, M.D. F.R.S.

S I R,

YOUR love for Botany, and your great knowledge in that science, will, I hope, be a sufficient apology for laying before you some observations which have occurred to me on that subject. And I flatter myself that the following anecdotes will not be altogether unacceptable to you.

The sciences, we know, are subject to revolutions. But is it not a very extraordinary one that Botany, so useful to mankind, and so well known to the ancients, should, for some ages, abandon Europe, and remain almost unknown there till the sixteenth century; when it is supposed to have suddenly revived; and has since, by the industry of the moderns, been brought to the highest perfection?

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The truth, however, is, that Botany returned into England long before this æra. It was brought back here by the Saxons; since whose time, I shall endeavour to shew, that it hath always flourished, more or less, in this kingdom.

I found my opinion upon the authority of the four following Saxon manuscripts.

Two in the Bodleian Library, viz.

(a) N° 4125. Herbarium Saxonicum.

(b) N° 5169. Liber Medicinalis MS. continens Virtutes Herbarum Saxonice.

And two others in the Harleian Library, viz.

N° 5066. entitled, Herbarium Saxonice.

N° 585. Tractatus qui ab Anglo-Saxonibus dicebatur LIBER MEDICINALIS: scil. L. Apuleii Madaurencis Libri de Virtutibus Herbarum, Versio Anglo-Saxonica.

This Lucius Apuleius of Medaura was a famous Platonic philosopher, who flourished about A. D. 200.

From this time I have met with no MS. concerning Botany, till the thirteenth century, when (c) Bishop Tanner mentions three MSS. on this subject, written by Gilebertus Legleus, five Anglicus, a phy-

(a) Cat. MSS. Angliæ, p. 185.

(b) Ibid. p. 562.

(c) Bibliotheca, p. 474.

fician, who flourished in the year 1210, entitled,

1. De Virtutibus Herbarum, MS. Bodl. Digb. 75.
2. Gilberti Liber de Viribus & Medicinis Herbarum, Arborum, & Specierum, MS. olim Monast. Sion.
3. De Re Herbaria, Lib. I.

(d) The Bishop likewise mentions one John Arden, a famous surgeon, who lived at Newark in Nottinghamshire from 1349 to 1370, as the author of a MS. (now extant in Sir Hans Sloane's library), entitled, *Volumen Miscellaneorum de Re Herbaria, Physica, & Chirurgica*.

In the Ashmolean Library are the following MSS. viz.

- (e) (N^o 7704.) entitled, *A Treatise of Chirurgery, with an Herbal, &c. in Old English, 4to. 1438.*
And another,
(N^o 7709.) called, *An Herbarie, &c. written alphabetically, according to the Latin names, in 1443.* And
(N^o 7537.) entitled, *A Book of Plants and Animals, delineated in their natural colours on velvet, Old English, A. D. 1504.*

Mr. Ames, in his *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 470, informs us, that, in the year 1516, a folio, entitled, "*The Greate Herball*," was printed in

(d) *Bibliotheca*, p. 48.

(e) *Cat. MSS. Angl.* p. 341.

Southwark by Peter Treveris; and this, Sir, I believe, is the oldest English herbal now extant in print.

To come to later times. The ingenious Mr. Gough (in his British Topography, p. 64.) informs us, " That, before the year 1597, John Gerrard, " citizen and surgeon of London, seems to be the " first who cultivated a large physic garden, which " he had near his house in Holborn, where he " raised 1100 different plants and trees." (He might have add, that Gerrard had another physic garden in Old-street, containing a great variety of plants; a printed catalogue of which is to be found in the libraries of the curious). But Gerrard had a famous cotemporary, who greatly advanced that valuable science, and of whom but little hath hitherto been said by the modern biographers.

John Tradescant is the person meant. And I hope, Sir, that an attempt to revive the memory of this once eminent botanist and virtuoso will not be displeasing.

John Tradescant was, according to Anthony Wood, a Fleming, or a Dutchman. We are informed by Parkinson, that he had travelled into most parts of Europe, and into Barbary; and, from some emblems remaining upon his monument in Lambeth church-yard, it plainly appears that he had visited Greece, Egypt, and other Eastern countries.

In his travels, he is supposed to have collected not only plants and seeds, but most of those curiosities of every sort, which, after his death, were sold by his son to the famous Elias Ashmole, and deposited in his Museum at Oxford.

When

When he first settled in this kingdom, cannot, at this distance of time, be ascertained; perhaps it was towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, or the beginning of that of King James the First. His print, engraven by Hollar before the year 1656, which represents him as a person very far advanced in years, seems to countenance this opinion.

He lived in a great house at South Lambeth, where there is reason to think his museum was frequently visited by persons of rank, who became benefactors thereto: among these were King Charles the First (to whom he was gardener), Henrietta Maria his Queen, Archbishop Laud, George Duke of Buckingham, Robert and William Cecil, Earls of Salisbury, and many other persons of distinction (f).

John Tradescant may therefore be justly considered as the earliest collector (in this kingdom) of every thing that was curious in Natural History, viz. minerals, birds, fishes, insects, &c. &c. He had also a good collection of coins and medals of all sorts, besides a great variety of uncommon rarities. (g) A catalogue of these, published by his son, contains an enumeration of the many plants, shrubs, trees, &c. growing in his garden, which was pretty extensive. Some of these plants are (as I am informed), if not totally extinct, at least become very uncommon, even at this time. A list of some remarkable ones

(f) See a list of them at the end of *Museum Tradescantianum*, 12^{mo}, London, 1656—where are Hollar's two prints of John Tradescant, the father and son.

(g) Ibid.

introduced by him, is inserted below (b). And this able man, by his great industry, made it manifest (in the very infancy of Botany), that there is scarce

(b) From *Parkinson's Garden of pleasant Flowers*, printed in 1656.

1. "Pseudonarcissus aureus maximus flore pleno, five roseus Tradescanti.
 "The greatest double yellow bastard daffodil, or John Tradescant's great rose daffodil.
 "This daffodil was primarily introduced by John Tradescant, and for its extreme beauty, may well be entitled "the glory of daffodils." Page 102.
2. "Moly Homericum, vel potius Theophrasti.
 "The greatest moly of Homer. 141.
3. "Moly Indicum, five Caucasum.
 "Indian moly. *ibid.*
 "Both the above molys are natives of Spain, Italy, and Greece, and were procured from thence by John Tradescant, and flourished with him, in his garden at Canterbury," (should be South Lambeth).
4. "Ephemerum Virginianum Tradescanti.
 "John Tradescant's spider-wort of Virginia.
 "This spider-wort is of late knowledge, and for it the Christian world is indebted unto that painful industrious searcher and lover of all nature's varieties John Tradescant." 152.
5. "Gladiolus Byzantinus.
 "Corn-flag of Constantinople.
 "With this species John Tradescant observed many acres of ground in Barbary overspread. 190.
6. "Elleborus albus vulgaris.
 "White hellebore.
 "This groweth in many places in Germany, and also in some parts of Russia, and in such plenty, that John Tradescant observed quantity sufficient to load a good ship with the roots. 346.
7. "Nardis montana tuberosa.
 "Knobbed mountain valerian.
 "Discovered in a botanic excursion by J. Tradescant. 388.
 any

any plant extant in the known world, that will not, with proper care, thrive in this kingdom.

When his house at South Lambeth (then called Tradescant's Ark) came into Ashmole's possession, he added a noble room to it, and adorned the chimney with his arms, impaling those of Sir William Dugdale (whose daughter was his third wife); where they remain to this day.

This house belongs at present to John Small, Esq; who, about twelve years ago, purchased it of some of Ashmole's descendants; and my house, once a part of Tradescant's, is adjoining thereto.

It were much to be wished, that the lovers of Botany had visited this once famous garden, before, or at least in, the beginning of the present century. But this seems to have been totally neglected till the year 1749, when yourself, and the late Dr. Mitchel, favoured the Royal Society (i) with the only account now extant, of the remains of Tradescant's garden. In it, Sir, you seem to confine the extent thereof to.

8. " John Tradescant introduced a new strawberry, with
" very large leaves, from Brussels; but, in the course
" of seven years, could never see one berry completely
" ripe. Page 528.
9. " John Tradescant procured a new and great variety of
" plums from Turkey, and other parts of the world. 575.
10. " The Argier, or Algier apricot. This, with many other
" sorts, John Tradescant brought with him, returning
" from the Argier voyage, whither he went with the
" fleet that was sent against pirates, A° 1620." 579.

Thus far Parkinson; but whether or no these plants bear his name at this period, I can no more pretend to assert, than that all the species therein mentioned are even now existing in our gardens.

(i) Philosophical Transactions, Vol. XLVI. p. 160.

that

that now belonging to Mr. Small's house. I believe it was otherwise; and, on the account of the great number of plants, trees, &c. am inclined to think that Tradescant's garden extended much farther. Bounded on the West by the road, on the East by a deep ditch (still extant) it certainly extended a good way towards the North, and took in not only my orchard and garden, but also those of two or three of my next neighbours; and some ancient mulberry trees, planted in a line towards the North, seem to confirm this conjecture.

When the death of John Tradescant happened, I have not been able to discover, no mention being made thereof in the Register Book of Lambeth Church.

A singular monument, of which I herewith send you a drawing (see the annexed Plates), was erected, in the South-East part of Lambeth church-yard, in 1662, by Hester, the relict of John Tradescant the son, for himself, and the rest of this family, which is long since extinct (*k*).

This once beautiful monument hath suffered so much by the weather, that no just idea can now, on inspection, be formed of the North and South sides. But this defect is happily supplied from two fine drawings, preserved in Mr. Pepys's Library at Cambridge. We see

On the East side Tradescant's arms.

On the West A hydra, and under it a skull.

(*k*) John the grandson, buried 15th September 1652.

John the son, buried 25th April 1662.

Hester, widow of John Tradescant, buried 6th April 1678.

From the Register of Lambeth Church.

On the South { Broken columns, Corinthian capitals, &c. supposed to be ruins in Greece, or some other eastern countries.

On the North { A crocodile, shells, &c. and a view of some Egyptian buildings.

Various figures of trees, &c. in relievo adorn the four corners of this monument.

The following remarkable epitaph (preserved at Oxford, and printed in Mr. Aubrey's Antiquities of Surrey, p. 11.), was intended for, but never placed upon, this monument.

Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lie John Tradescant, grandfire, father, son.
The last dy'd in his spring; the other two
Liv'd till they had travelled art and nature thro'.
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in seas, in air:
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians that had been
Both gardeners to the Rose and Lilly Queen,
Transplanted now themselves, sleep here; and when
Angels shall with their trumpets awaken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise
And change their garden for a paradise.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to add a list of the portraits of the Tradescant family, now in the Ashmolean Museum. I cannot, however, conceive why both father and son are therein called Sir John, as it does not appear either of them were ever knighted. But so it is in the Oxford list communicated.

cated to me, some time since, by the late worthy and learned Mr. William Huddesford, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum.

1. Sir John Tradescant, senior. A three quarter piece, ornamented with fruit, flowers, and garden roots.
2. Ditto. After his decease.
3. A small three quarter piece. Water colours.
4. A large piece, of his wife, son, and daughter. Quarter length.
5. Sir John Tradescant, junior, in his garden. Half length, a spade in his hand.
6. Ditto, with his wife, in one piece. Half length.
7. Ditto, with his friend Zythepfa of Lambeth, a collection of shells, &c. upon a table before them. A large quarter piece, inscribed Sir John Tradescant's second wife, and son.

These pictures have no date, nor painter's name, as I can yet find. They are esteemed to be good portraits. Who the person was, called in the picture Zythepfa, I never could learn. He is painted as if entering the room, and Sir John is shaking him by the hand.

I have the honour to remain, with great esteem,

S I R,

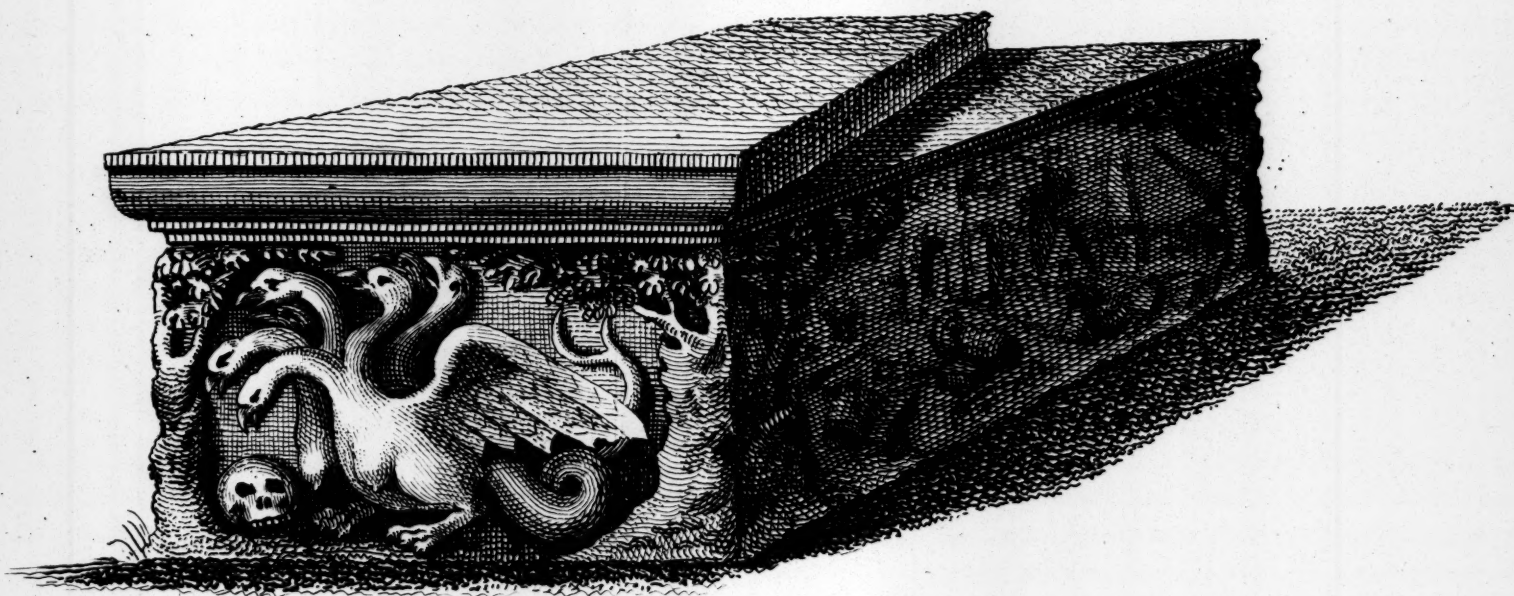
Your most faithful,

humble servant,

Doctors-Commons,
November 2, 1772.

And. Coltee Ducarel.

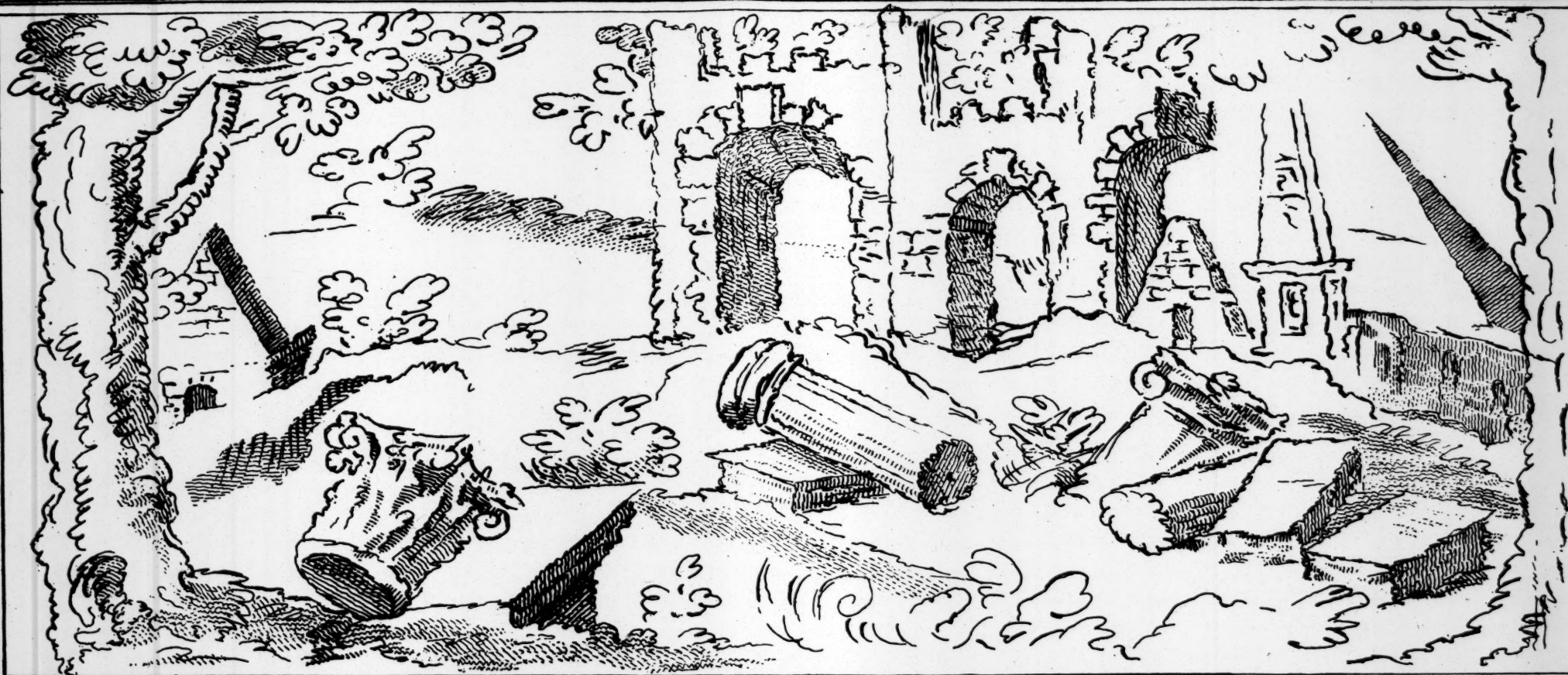
From the West.



From the East.



*Two Views of the Monument of JOHN TRADESCANT in the Church
Yard of S.^t Mary Lambeth 1773.*



In the PEPYSIAN Library.

